"WHATEVER IS—IS BEST."

I know as my life grows older,
And mine eyes have clearer light,
That under each rank wrong somewhere
There lies the root of right;
That each sorrow has its purpose,
By the sorrowing oft unguessed;
But as sure as the sun begins morning,
Whatever is—is best.

I know that each sinful action,
As sure as night brings shade,
Is somewhere, some time, punished,
Though the hour is long delayed;
I know that the soul is aided
Sometimes by the heart's unrest,
And to grow means often to suffer,
But whatever is—is best.

I know there is no error
In the great supernal plan,
And all things work together
For the final good of man;
And I know when my soul speeds onward
In its grand eternal quest,
I shall cry as I look back earthward,
"Whatever is—is best."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

MARION'S LOVERS.

It is one of the loveliest June days the earth ever saw. Each separate blade of grass seems to rejoice in the glorious sunlight, and my whole heart is in tune with the day as I saunter slowly along the village road, with one hand in my pocket, holding tight the dear letter that has made me so happy since the morning post came in: for John is coming home at last, and we are to be married and live happy ever after, as my old fairy stories used to end, with the bridal of Prince Charming and his princess. A poor little princess this time, I think, rather ruefully—more like the king who wed a beggar maid, our story is; for dear daddy was only a farmer on a very small scale, though every inch a gentleman, and, when he died, three years ago, mother and I had a hard struggle for a little while. Of course we took summer boarders as every one advised, and of course we lost more than we made; only I shall never regret that hard summer, since it gave me John, and, although our courtship was sealed by the final question being asked when I was picking peas in the vegetable garden, it was none the less sweet and romantic for that.

My John is Dr. John Westerly, and he was staying in Sunnyrock, making some investigations about the air of the district, for a pamphlet he was writing. He boarded with us; and brilliant, successful, rich as he was, he loved poor little me, plain Marion March, as I am sure no one was ever loved before.

When I think of the lovely accomplished women he must have known, and look at myself critically, I cannot make it true; but it is, it is, and he is coming home from Berlin, where he has been studying in the hospitals for a year—is even now on his way. When the happiness of it comes over me, I can scarcely keep from singing along the streets, as I return from my walk. How lovely the world is! How good people are, I think, as old Mrs. Mallocks beams and nods to me from her window!

As I draw near our gate, I see distastefully that mother has shut all the sun out with closed blinds; well, very soon, I will let a flood of light in, and glorify the rooms.

"Mother," I call out, gaily, running up the steps of the porch, "it's too early for flies. What makes you shut the house up so?" I rush into the sitting-room and open the blinds. Then, turning round, I see mother, white and tear-stained and looking half dazed, with a newspaper in her hand.

Mrs. Dawson, from the village, says in a loud whisper, "Do tell her, for gracious sake and have it over," and then, seizing me in her strong arms, seats me gently on the old sofa.

Mother bursts out crying, and puts her arms about me and sobs, "Prepare yourself for the worst, May. Oh, Mrs. Dawson, do tell her. I can't!" I am awe-struck and bewildered, but my one thought is that the bank which holds our few hundred pounds has broken, for we have no near relatives, and I have just heard from John. "Do tell me what it is," I say, impatiently; and Mrs. Dawson, looking at me pityingly, says:

"Well, if you must hear it, you must," takes the paper from mother's nerveless hand, and reads: "Terrible Disaster.—The Transylvania, from Hamburg, burnt at sea. Hundreds of lives lost." Mumble, mumble, then, "Conspicuous among those who helped the women and children into the life-boats was Dr. John Westerly, a well-known young physician, from Berlin, who was coming home this way. When last seen he was distributing life-preservers to the women who had not been able to get into the life-boat; before another could be manned, the Transylvania sank, with all on board, except those who had been fortunate enough to crowd into the two boats. The young physician will doubtless be deeply mourned by the medical fraternity for—" I think the woman would have read the whole account through; but, glancing at me, she rushed frantically for the camphor and held it to my face.

It was not necessary. I had not fainted. I heard her say distinctly,—"For heaven's sake, Mrs. March, say somethin' to her, for I believe she's a-dyin'." Then I felt as if I were someone else, and I mentally looked at myself, leaden and death-like, all the life crushed out of me, lying straight and still in an incongruous blue muslin, with Mrs. Dawson's shawl thrown over me, and I thought,—

"Poor girl, how sorry I am! What if it were I, and it was my John who was dead?" At this period, Mrs. Dawson shook her head ominously. I think she spoke to me several times, and I did not answer. Why should I?

And she said to poor mother, who was aimlessly walking back and forth,—"Mrs. March, I think I'd call Dr. Kinney, if I was you. Its unnatural for her to be like this. I don't like it."

Then I looked up at her dully, and spoke for the first time. "No," I said, "I don't want him. I want Mr. Easton—maybe he can give me some comfort." And my benumbed mind went wandering on in the dark, searching for something to cling to, until its spell was broken by a hurried coming in, and Mr. Easton, dark and thin, stood looking down at me compassionately.

I believe he had a prayer-book in his hand, but he probably saw it was useless to talk to or pray with me as anything but a child. I remember saying to him in an awe-stricken whisper, "I have lost John, and so lost everything!" Mr. Easton was rather unpopular in his congregation. He was very good to me that first awful week, and I began to understand that he was unloved, because unappreciated.

He sometimes would send me books, gradually he fell in the habit of coming over and reading aloud to me, evenings, as I lay on the sofa, for I was not strong enough to sit up long, and, while I would catch a few words now and then, my mind would be picturing, back of my closed eyelids, that awful shipwreck over and over again. One evening, I saw it all so distinctly that I started and cried:

"Oh, stop! I cannot see anything yet but those awful waves. And I can hear nothing but those cries as the ship sank. Oh, do you think I ever can forget!"

Mr. Easton had closed his book, and he walked up and down the room slowly and softly. A flush of pain rose suddenly over his dark thin face. He paused near the window, and, pushing aside the curtain, he looked absently out into the warm dark night, and I saw his lips move as if he were repeating something. Then he turned and came hurriedly up to the sofa. He put his hand out, and then suddenly drew it back and stood regarding me gently.

Mr. Easton went away soon. He came less often, and did not read again until, one afternoon, I begged his pardon for my discourtesy, and asked him to read once more. It was Dante, this time, that he held in his hand, but he opened it and quoted:

"And in the book that day we read no more." He smiled a little bitterly. "Let us talk instead," he said.

I wondered at his caring to talk to me; at his religious kindness, I believed it, in being willing to try and interest the poor, pale woman, with all her fresh beauty gone, that my glass showed me, the listless black-robed girl to whom life looked so poor and empty.

After he left, I went wearily round the room, tidying the little disarrangement a visitor makes. Mother had gone over to Mrs. Dawson's, and I was alone. I heard a step on the porch, and moved slowly to the door, and in one moment I was clasped in John's arms!

For the first—and probably the last—time in my life, I was guilty of fainting; but John merged the lover into the physician, and brought me to my senses very quickly. Why should I try to describe a scene that was sacred for us both. Let it suffice me to say that Heaven seemed for once to be on this earth, that the measure of my former suffering was the measure of my present joy. Half an hour later I knew all; how John had been picked up, quite unconscious, after floating hours, clinging to a plank and some rigging, by a small brig bound for a little Dutch port; how he had been delirious from fever for weeks; and how he had started for home, even when the Dutch doctor had assured him he was risking his life, and had come to me before anyone knew of his arrival even. He had begged the doctor to telegraph to me, and had been assured it was done. Whether he had made some mistake in my address, or what, we never knew; but I had not received the message. That evening I wrote a note to Mr. Easton, begging him to come over the next day, and rejoice with us. Mr. Archer's little boy, where he lived, brought me this reply the next morning:

"My Dear Miss Marion—"I am leaving Sunnyrock for some time, perhaps for always; and I start to-day, so I shall not see you before I go. Do not think me cruel if I say it is sometimes easier for me to mourn with those who mourn than to rejoice with those who rejoice; but believe that my prayers are for your happiness always. And, when you think of your own great grief and pray for those who suffer, remember me.

"Always faithfully yours,
"CUTHBERT EASTON."

There came a sudden little stab of pain through my heart as I read this—a sudden access of light on things that had puzzled me, which almost blinded me for a moment. I handed the note to John silently. I told him of Mr. Easton's kindness. He read it through grimly, and a faint flush tinged his cheek.

"What do you think of it?" I inquired. "How old is he?" asked John, before he replied. "I don't know—twenty-seven, perhaps." "Well, then, I think he may get over it," he replied, bitterly; then, with a rush of generous feeling: "Heaven help the poor fellow. I pity him, May. It was a sad return you made for his kindness—wasn't it? Don't grieve over it. I know you never intended to make him care for you."

"Oh, John," I sobbed, "I never thought of it till I got this note." A tear fell on the paper. Was John a little jealous? Perhaps so. For he took the note gently from me and threw it on the fire. Yet I truly think he was sorrier than I. John and I are married now, and I have never seen Mr. Easton since. I heard, not long ago, that he was devoting himself to mission work in the east end of London.

Culture and refinement are not adjuncts to the toilet, but things of the head and heart.

Dark Darrell's Bride.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

"I cannot help it," said Ilma. "Why, Sir Philip, I look as much a country gentleman as you do?"

Miss Durnford glanced hastily at her niece; her Transatlantic freedom of manner somewhat disturbed the good lady's equanimity; but it was so free from Transatlantic forwardness, so child-like and charming, that no one could misinterpret it; and Sir Philip Darrell was the last man to be anything but pleased by it. He laughed and said—

"No, no, Miss Durnford, rather for me

"'Fifty years of Europe, then a cycle of Cathay!'"

"So Cumberland is Cathay, and your splendid ancestral home a prison?"

"Ah," said Darrell, carelessly, though again with the tone of bitterness Ilma had noticed before—"a short life and a merry one."

"I should say a long life and a good one," replied Miss Durnford.

"Long life? Defend me from it!" As he said the words he caught a fleeting look from Ilma's brown eyes, a look so full of pain and unconscious pleading that a quick flush crossed his cheeks, and he bit his lip; but, recovering himself, and with a total change of manner, as if to dismiss an unprofitable subject, he asked Ilma if she would like to go over the Court.

"Oh, so much!" she said eagerly. "My cousins say it has such lovely pictures, and all sorts of beautiful things."

"You must honor me then, and your aunt and cousins will, I hope, favor my poor house also. You will hear some dismal stories of the cavaliers and ladies you will see in the picture-gallery. We have always been a turbulent set, and——" He stopped abruptly, and added, turning to Miss Durnford, "Perhaps you would kindly let me know in a day or two, what day would suit you—all days are alike to me."

"But indeed, Sir Philip, you must not make me fix a day," was the reply.

"You will, I am sure; it would be so kind of you"—and he spoke in his most winning manner. "Thanks. One of the gardeners has been raving over some rare exotics. I forgot what he called them.—You must please choose as many of them as you like. I remember your old weakness for out-of-the-way flowers."

"You left orders with your head-gardener for my fancy to be gratified," said the old lady. "No, no, Sir Philip; I cannot encroach any more on your kindness. Why I have a whole range of flowers that are admired by all who came from your hot-houses!"

"Have you? I am so glad. I wish you had a hot-house full. I must see to it—the more the merrier. Why should the flowers waste their sweetness on the desert air?"

There were tears in Miss Durnford's eyes as she thanked her guest; but more than one cause made the tears rise. It was not that in any case Sir Philip would not have been equally lavish; but there always seemed a lack of that interest in anything belonging to him which a man would feel in what he looked to enjoy for a life-time; he always spoke as a mere wanderer through this brief existence. There was always that under-current of feeling which, put into words, would have been, "What are these things to me? I have no hold on them. I do not care for them; let me give them while they are mine to give."

"Would any day this week suit you, Sir Philip?" asked Miss Durnford, rising from the table.

"Certainly, and the earlier the better—for my pleasure, I mean, not my convenience."

"Friday?" Darrell bowed.

"Then," he said, "I will call at the Larches and pay my devoirs; they will not mind the forenoon—but will they have breakfasted?"

"Oh, yes!"

I will walk up, if you will allow me to leave Hassan with you a little longer."

"With the greatest pleasure; and I hope you will give us some more of your company when you return for him."

"It is very good of you to tolerate such a scapegrace as I am," replied Darrell.—"I shall be most happy."

Ilma had intended to run over to the Larches that morning, having been requested to do so by her cousins; but now she must give that up, as she could not intrude on Sir Philip—it would be rude, though she was sure he would not mind.—Miss Durnford however who was a woman of great common sense, came to the rescue. She regretted that Ilma would have to meet Sir Philip Darrell at all; but, as it was impossible to prevent this, she would not run the risk of some blunt remark from Roland or Rose, betraying that Ilma as expected, and thus giving the impression that she wished to keep Darrell and Ilma apart.

"Ilma," she said, "I have asked you to go to the Larches this morning. Sir Philip will, I am sure, be happy to escort you."

Sir Philip bowed, and said he should be indeed happy; but the troubled look in his eyes deepened as Ilma hurried away for her hat; and, though the next moment he turned to Miss Durnford with some ordinary remark, he was saying to himself:

"I must be true—true too the vow—whatever the cost. Heaven knows what it may be!"

CHAPTER V.

Golden-haired Ilma, walked by Sir Philip's side through the sunny village and in the shade of the tall trees of Aunt Sabine's pleasure grounds. Ilma thought that brief passage through the village was "great fun:" it was like a royal progress. Old men, and grandmothers and young women and children all turned out and curtseyed to the lord of the soil, and some blessed him in their broad dialect. He was most gentle and affable to all, and scattered silver among the people with a freedom that was more reckless than judicious; but it struck Ilma, though he showed nothing of this in his manner at the time, that he was glad when it was all over. He did not seem pleased, as a landlord should be, by the homage of his tenants. He had gone through a needful ordeal, and he breathed a sigh of relief when he was free again.

"Heaven be praised," he said, as the gates of the Larches closed behind him and his companion, and he had tossed some loose coins to a grinning and admiring urchin, "that is the last."

"You don't care for the worship of your subjects?" questioned Ilma.

Darrell's haughty lip curled.

"No," he replied and they do not care for me. How should they? They hardly ever see me, and we have no interests in common. Some of them actually believe that I have an actual understanding with supernatural powers, because I have escaped drowning two or three times when I ought to have been drowned; and mine is an accursed race. It will be better for these people when some one else than a Darrell reigns at the Court. They will not regret me, nor I them."

"Oh, don't—don't talk so!" cried Ilma passionately, more wounded by the lightness of her companion's manner, than if he had shown deep feeling; it was as though he had schooled himself to cynical callousness.

Darrell started violently and the blood mounted to his very brow. He paused fully a minute before he could speak, while Ilma quickly walked on ahead of him to hide the tears in her eyes and the quivering of her lips. A few strides brought Sir Philip to her side, and he laid his hand on her arm.

"Miss Costello," he said, "pray forgive me. I hardly know what to say to apologize enough for having pained you. It never occurred to me that what I said could affect any one more than it does myself; I forgot that you are not a callous man, but a sensitive girl. Will you pardon my thoughtlessness?"

"There is nothing that needs forgiveness," answered Ilma, looking up into his dark handsome face, which was earnest enough now. "I cannot help feeling sorry that you feel as you have said, and I should always feel sorry if you never spoke of it again."

"Would you?"—and he gazed so intently into the girl's face that her eyes fell and her color rose.

Thus recalled to himself, Sir Philip removed his hand, which had till then rested on Ilma's arm, and he turned aside, biting his lip. For the next five minutes he did not speak, walking on silently by the girl's side, and she, her young heart bleeding for him dared not say more, and she did not even venture to look at him.

Sir Philip spoke again presently, but on a different subject, asking Ilma if she rode. She answered—

"Yes, like an Indian."

"Then we must have some riding parties," said Sir Philip. "All of your cousins ride well, I know; and there are some splendid rides round here. A good gallop over Connaby Fells would bring roses to your cheeks, though they would not last, I suppose."

Ilma smiled; but she did not choose to say that she could not enjoy that pastime, as her aunt did not keep riding horses, and her cousins had only those which they themselves rode. Sir Philip however divined the position at once, and added—

"But perhaps your cousins have no spare horse?"

"They have not, I know," answered Ilma; "but I dare say my uncle would let me have one if I asked him."

"That would never do; all the good weather will be gone before you can hear from Canada. You must let me give you a mount. Don't deny me; it would be such a pleasure; and there are beautiful horses in my stables eating their heads off, as the grooms say. You shall make your choice on Friday."

"You won't let me refuse. Then how shall I thank you?" said the girl. "I shall go just wild to be on horseback again."

"'Just wild,' you American!" laughed Sir Philip, hiding deep feeling under a light tone. "Well, you have thanked me for what is, after all, a selfish act."

"You mean because you like to give enjoyment? But that isn't selfish," returned Ilma; for selfish people don't have pleasure in other people's happiness."

"Ah, you are metaphysical! We must dismiss the subject," said Sir Philip quickly, and, with some embarrassment, which Ilma was delighted to perceive; for Sir Philip, she felt certain was not easily dislodged from his citadel of self-possession.

Dark Darrell, with all his courtliness, was the reverse of a ceremonious personage; and so he followed Ilma's lead up the terrace-steps and presented himself through the open window of the morning-room before the astonished Sabines.

They were all there except Roland, in search of whom Ilma instantly sped away, and they greeted Sir Philip warmly. He speedily explained how Ilma came to be with him, and in what manner he had been introduced to her.

Meanwhile Ilma had found Roland busily engaged in the repair of some fishing-tackle in his study, if an apartment only devoted to sporting literature and implements deserved the name; he looked up, and his whole face brightened as his beautiful young cousin hastened to his side.

"Well catamount," said Roland, taking her hand and kissing her, "were you sent for me, or did you come of your own accord?"

"Of my own accord; though I have come to fetch you to see—whom do you think? Dark Darrell himself!"

"He here," said Roland in a tone that did not betray much pleasure.

"Yes; and he came with me. He breakfasted with us this morning, and Roland," added Ilma, tossing up her hat and catching it, "he is just the nicest fellow I ever met."

"Oh, of course!" said Roland, laughing; but the laugh, Ilma thought, sounded forced. "Girls are bound to worship a man who looks like a picture, though he doesn't do much more in the world than if he were a picture. He might be the foreigner he looks for all that he is among his own tenants or cares about them."

"That's not my business," and Ilma flushed a little—the girl was quick-tempered, and ever ready to resent injustice. "I don't think Cumberland peasants are very nice people."

"You don't know anything about them, my dear," said Roland; "though I dare say you know as much about them as Darrell does. Rough speech and manners don't always mean a bad heart, any more than suavity and smooth words mean a good one."

Ilma said no more, but descended with her cousin to the morning-room. The girl went over to her aunt, and watched from beneath her sweeping lashes the meeting between Roland Sabine and Sir Philip Darrell. What a difference there was between them! Roland seemed to belong to another and lower order of beings than the man of whom he had spoken with hardly-veiled contempt.

"You are a good deal altered from what I saw you last, Sabine," said Sir Philip surveying his host. "You were not much more than a boy then; and, though I should have known you at once, that forest of hair about your face makes an immense change in you."

"There is little difference in you," replied Roland, laughing. "You look a bit older, but not much; and when you are forty, you won't look older than you do now."

"Maybe not," said Sir Philip, with a half-smile, as he resumed his seat.

Something in the look and tone gave Ilma the clue to the thought—"How should I look older in ten years? Time stands still in the grave." The girl felt something like terror come over her. Was there, after all, some truth in a curse which seemed to have influenced the whole life of a man so unlikely to yield to mere superstition as Sir Philip Darrell?

"Sir Philip," said Mrs. Sabine, turning to her son, "has kindly asked us all to the Court on Friday, with aunt Rachael and Ilma."

"I shall be delighted," returned Roland.

"And," added Sir Philip, "I want to make up a riding party, while the fine weather lasts. Do you know any one you would care to ask to join us?"

Roland shook his head.

"No, newcomers are scarce in these parts. Ilma is the first for twenty years at least; and the last before her were only farmers."

"Ilma will join us," said Sir Philip, using the christian name quite inadvertently—probably merely catching it from Roland, possibly from a subtle instinct to try to think of her as "only a child."

But Roland did not like the dropping of the formal title. Wild and childlike as Ilma was, she was not young enough to be treated with such freedom on the strength of a morning's acquaintance, especially by so young a man as Sir Philip Darrell. Sir Philip could read what was passing in Roland's mind—for it was not easy to hide anything from his observant eyes—but he gave not the slightest sign of having noticed a resentment which he haughtily considered "deucedly cool."

There was an awkward pause for a few seconds after Sir Philip's words; for every one knew that Ilma had no means of carrying out her promise. Mrs. Sabine glanced up at Ilma, and the girl nodded laughingly.

"Sir Philip is so kind as to give me a mount," she said; and as she spoke a quick heavy frown crossed Roland's brow.

"Oh, then, you can ride?" he observed hastily.

"Why, of course, replied Ilma, while Sir Philip Darrell half smiled; "if I could not ride I should be thrown."

"I am afraid you would," said Sir Philip. "I don't think there is a very quiet horse in my stables."

"You must take care Ilma," and Mrs. Sabine looked anxiously at her niece.

"I will look after her, mother," said Roland quickly; but Ilma shook her head.

"Thanks, Roland; I don't need coaching. I am as much at home on horseback as on my feet."

"Can you jump?"

"Yes," opening wide her great clear eyes—"gates, ditches—anything. I'll try conclusions with you."

"You're confident, Miss America. Do you challenge all creation?"

"No, only you. I shouldn't have a chance with Sir Philip."

"How do you know that?" asked Darrell, while Roland bit his lip hard.

"They told me you were a crack rider; and I could see by the way you rode this morning that you were like a Mexican in the saddle. And then see what a superb horse you have!"

"Roland rides twelve stone," observed Rose; "so he has much more to carry than Sir Philip."

"Twelve stone against something under one," said Sir Philip, laughing as he glanced from Roland's stalwart frame to Ilma's fragile-looking figure. "I should think if a good breeze caught you, Ilma, you would be blown away."

"We'll prove that on the Fells," returned Ilma, laughing too, as they all did; but Roland little liked that there should be in so short a time so good an understanding between Sir Philip Darrell and lovely Ilma Costello.

Mrs. Sabine looked from Sir Philip's striking features to Roland's, and then to Ilma's exquisite face, and then she said to herself—

"Heaven avert that Darrell should think too much of the child, or she of him! And yet he is but human, and she not even afraid."

The mother noted too how her son watched Ilma and listened to her voice, and her heart sank. Were the two men equal in worldly fortune, or Roland the superior, he would have no chance of winning a young girl's affection against Sir Philip, even if the latter should make no deliberate attempt to conquer.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Western Lakes Drying Up.

The lakes in Eastern Oregon, as well as in Nevada, are drying up. In some instances the water in the lakes is subsiding because the streams which empty into them have been diverted from their natural channels for purposes of irrigation, but the continuous drought, doubtless, has had much to do with the low stage of water in them. The Herald, published in the new county of Harney, Ore., says not over four square miles of the original bed of Warner Lake is now covered with water, whereas in 1865 there was seven feet of water where the land is now dry, and this spring a stack containing 300 tons of hay was burned on land which in 1874 was surveyed as Warner Lake, Goose Lake, which once reached Lakeview, Ore., is now five miles away, and Malhuer Lake, in Harney county, is eight feet lower than at any period within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. In this county Humboldt Lake, which some years ago comprised a sheet of water sixteen or eighteen miles long and from eight to twelve miles wide, is now only a few miles long and perhaps a mile or two wide. The Humboldt has not discharged any water into the lake for several years, and a large area, which was covered several feet with water at one time, is now as dry as any other part of the Humboldt Valley. It is a fact, however, that the lake was as low nine or ten years ago as it is to-day, and that five years ago it was as high as it was ever known to be. Immigrants in early days who saw the Humboldt discharge an immense volume of water into the lake, or sink, as it was called, believed it had a subterranean outlet; but that idea was erroneous, as the volume of water was reduced by evaporation, not drainage.—Winnemucca Silver State.

Quits Work on Time.

Foreman—You might as well look for another job, Jerry.

What for? What have I done?

"Your trowelful of mortar struck the owner of the building down on the first floor."

"Let him keep out of the way. If the bell strikes 12 when I've got a trowel of mortar I don't care where it drops."—Chicago Herald.

A Red-Letter Day.

Stranger—"Why are those girls so merry?"

Native—"They belong to the Conservatory of Music, and it has just been announced that the man who writes the 'Forlorn Hope Ten-Finger Exercise' is dead."—New York Weekly.

DESIGNED TO DIVERT.

Undesirable Suitor—"And then, you know, love is blind." She (sweetly)—"He must be, or he's an awful fool."—Life.

Teacher—"Johnnie, what state in New England has two capitals?" Johnnie—"New Hampshire." Teacher—"Indeed; name them!" Johnnie—capital N and capital H."—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Visitor—"But why become engaged if you never meant to marry him?" Maude—"Because he is so sensitive. You know it mortifies a man much more to be refused than to have an engagement broken."—Life.

Long—"I knew an artist who painted a runaway horse. It was so natural that the beholders jumped out of the way." Downing—"Humph! My friend McGilp painted a portrait of a lady that was so natural that he had to sue her for his bill."—Life.

"How long did you remain with your last mistress?" asked the housewife of the applicant for employment. "Only three weeks, ma'am. There wor a good deal av heavy work about the house, an' sure the mistress wor so delicate that I had to let the place go."—Washington Star.

Client—"Your fee is exhorbitant. It didn't take you a day to do the work." Lawyer—"It is my regular fee. I am not charging you for time, but for the cost of my legal education." Client—"Well, give me a receipt for the cost of your education, so the next fellow wont have to pay for it, too."—Life.

"And so you are married, Bridget?" "Yes, mum." "What does your husband do?" "An' sure mum, he is a railroad director." "A railroad director! That's a very important place. Are you quite sure it is that?" "An' faith an' doesn't he shtand all day at the railrowd crossing directing people to the cars?"—Boston Courier.

SHE.

An innocent girl was jailed in New York for a few hours recently. She worried so over it that she incurred brain fever and died.

On the fly-leaf of Book B. of the marriage records, beginning with the year 1795, deposited in the county clerks office at Mount Holly, N. J., appears this entry in the flourishing hand of W. Mellvaine, jr., evidently the clerk at that time: "Dedicated to the charmer, Venus, and to the more than captivating Hymen."

Mrs. Jennie Robinson, a wealthy Milwaukee widow, is one of the most unique prosecutors who have ever appeared in a court of justice. Having been robbed by two married women whose husbands were temporarily out of town, she prosecuted them, and when fines amounting to $95, which the criminals were unable to pay, were imposed, she put her hand into her pocket and paid the fines herself.

Two widows of revolutionary soldiers are living in Pennsylvania and drawing pensions for service rendered in the field by their husbands. One, who was the third wife of a soldier of seventy-five summers and bore him three children is now ninety-seven years old, hops up and down stairs with the liveliness of a cricket and declares her willingness to marry again, pension or no pension, if the right sort of man presents himself.

We are easily encouraged in our follies.

Loyalty to best convictions is an important duty.

How easy it is to feel big in the presence of a dwarf.

No man can overcome himself without help from Christ.

When there is a giraffe in the pulpit how the lambs do suffer.

The devil's arrows are all dipped in the poison of doubt.

A preacher with the big head is a man the devil loves to look at.

"A Savior of her sex," is a title bestowed upon Lydia E. Pinkham by the woman of the world, millions of whom are indebted to her for health.

All the philosophy in the world has never made anybody better.

There is no harder battles than those which are fought in the human heart.